

The Cheerful Letter

Library of the
PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Bellevue, La Tuille

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XL

NOVEMBER, 1931

No. 5

Publication Office

49 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange,
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Boston, Mass.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

NEW FORMS FOR THE OLD GOSPEL

Behold I make all things new.

REV. xxi:5

Life presents a necessity for constant renewal. Old customs, old beliefs become so encrusted, so obscured by growths of various kinds that they lose their spiritual beauty. Every now and then someone arises to preach the old gospel in a new form. In his "Outlines of History," Wells says that, if the Buddha of India should come back to earth and see the worship carried on in his name, he would not recognize it as his. I sometimes wonder whether Jesus would find much akin to his teachings in some forms of our so-called Christian worship.

Excrescences in worship need at times to be stripped away in order that religion may have a truer setting and fresh expression. Thought as it develops requires new phrasing. Four hundred years ago men thought in terms of the balance of power. Their God was a supreme monarch, governing all, despotic, often cruel. The conception of evolution now controls our thinking, and this calls for its own phraseology.

There is great need today of a freshening of soul as men are breaking away from old restraints.

We are creatures of extremes, and we are always in danger of being carried too far; but we must break away from certain old attitudes or there would be no progress in art, literature, invention or science.

Edison tells us that the natural philosophy of his early days was full of errors, which he had to leave behind. I remember that my "Philosophy" by Quackenbos taught that there could be no such thing as a horseless engine. The flying machine, of course, was ridiculed. Men were a long time finding out

that the laws of nature could be applied to the flying machine. I once asked a market gardener whether, if I should retire from the ministry, I could make several hundred dollars a year from farming. He impressed upon me the fact that it would be necessary to find out and to obey nature's laws. "Remember," he said, "that if a frost comes it will be of no use to say that you could not cover the plants because you had to go to prayer meeting. Nature takes no excuses."

Many of these laws Burbank found out and obeyed as he developed his plants and delicious fruits. He sought not to dictate to Nature, but to listen to her and to follow her teachings.

If an artist follows a greater artist, he is likely to copy the other's errors and to lose sight of the spirit that animates his work. Ruskin taught that the true Raphaelites were not those who slavishly copied Raphael's pictures but the men who caught Raphael's attitude and spirit and then trained themselves to look earnestly till they got their own original vision.

A friend of mine devised a writing-book with a movable copy. He had noticed that children, using the ordinary copy-books, imitated the copy in the first line and in the lines that followed copied their own imitations, so that the final line was the worst. In his book the model slipped down the page and the child progressed till the final line was written best of all.

So in our religion we need to keep close to our great model, Jesus, the Saviour of men, and to be cautious about patterning our lives too much upon the lives of His followers.

We find the same principle true in the work of the poets. Here is a master who writes poems of beauty. A lesser writer

begins to use his expressions, forgetting that words and phrases do not make poetry and that he must see with the master's vision. The great poet looks at Nature for himself and tells us of the truth he finds. This is pre-eminently true of Wordsworth. A hundred times I have read his lines written as he walked amid the beauty of sky, forest and lake.

And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy

*Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply inter-
fused.*

*Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns*

*And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man,*

A motion and spirit that impels

*All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,*

And rolls through all things.

Wordsworth felt the presence of a great divine, holy Spirit animating all life. To this Spirit he believed that each man had access for himself.

A Roman sculptor once made a bust of the emperor so beautiful that it was copied by other artists. The copies were copied, and of the new copies others were made. But the later copies were abortions.

The principle is especially true in religion. We do not wish to discard old thoughts or expressions; but we must penetrate to their inner meanings, get into the heart of them. We cannot be bound by beliefs that others have forced upon us. Firm conviction is forged in the white heat of joy or sorrow, hope or despair. He has it who can lift up his eyes and sing:

I know not where his islands lift

Their fronded palms in air.

I only know I cannot drift

Beyond his love and care.

Young, middle-aged and old—all must find the truth in their own lives and hearts; and he is not an infidel who does not believe exactly as I believe. He who brings men to death because my faith differs in detail from his, fears lest the truth be slain and is thus the real unbeliever. The soul should be free to work out its own salvation. We fought to make men physically free. Should we not be equally valiant in seeking for man spiritual freedom

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again.

The eternal years of God are hers.

No doctrine of exclusive salvation can stand. The Jews of Jesus' day denied that the Gentiles could be saved. Paul taught, as John the Baptist had taught before him, that out of stones God was able to raise up children unto Abraham, and that the true Israel could be found in the heart of the Gentile world. In the words of Peter: "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him." Let those who would confine God's mercy to those of their own creed observe that His rain falls on the just and the unjust, and that a bruised reed He will not break. God will take any soul and will lift it as high as the soul will go. But we cannot climb unless we are free.

We no longer sing the old hymn:

Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,

And born unholy and unclean.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,

The seeds of sin spring up to death.

We do not put this stain on all parenthood, nor do we emphasize the doctrine of eternal torment. We never really believed that God was more revengeful than man.

Facing the truth as it comes to us means constant advance in civilization. Let us recognize the fact that thousands of men walking our streets today fear that they cannot pay next month's rent or feed their children in this land of plenty where there is so much wheat that we cannot dispose of it and so much cotton that we cannot pick it. There is before us either a peaceful moral revolution or something so dark we dare not contemplate it. In every realm let us face truth at every hazard, looking for our light in all difficulties to the Son of God.

May the gospel of Jesus, stripped of all excrescences with which humanity has weighted it, work within us, and may the wonderful light from the brow of Christ lead us forward in the unity of a common Christian purpose!—Rev. R. E. Bisbee.

I BELIEVE in a judicious, loving, fatherly God, Who cares not only for the welfare of man, but Who observes even the sparrow's fall. I BELIEVE that Jesus is the Way, the Truth, the Life; that it is either CHRIST or chaos for the World. I BELIEVE in the essential dignity of labor; that the week-day as well as the Sabbath is to be kept holy. I BELIEVE in social justice, and I sincerely pray:

"THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH

AS IT IS IN HEAVEN"

AMEN

RADIO PRAYER

Dear Lord:

Let all the words
Speeding so swiftly through the air
Be clear as light, and let each bear
Silvery joy such as the rare
Sweet notes of birds
Accord.

Wilt Thou

Let music find
The shadows that are dark with pain
And tears; let some soft lyric strain
Bring cheer and sunlight there again;
Let peace a mind
Endow!

I pray

That to the soul
Discouraged with long tasks undone,
Bright, gallant words may swiftly run,
Stirring his heart to valor, so that none
Shall miss his goal
Today.

—Lexie Dean Robertson in
Good Housekeeping.

SCIENCE LENGTHENS ROSE PLANTING SEASON

In my father's time, it was supposed that roses must be planted in the early spring or not at all. Perhaps this was true considering the methods of handling nursery stock then in vogue. To-day, roses are being successfully planted throughout the country from early spring to mid-October.

About twenty years ago, it was found that October planted roses wintered nicely in the latitude of New York city. In the spring, these fall-planted bushes were fully established and made splendid growth. They burst into bloom weeks ahead of spring-planted bushes.

Later, it was found that the spring planting season could be lengthened by holding the bushes dormant until shipped. This was accomplished by refrigeration. Gradually, the season has been lengthened.

Last year thousands of rose lovers purchased and planted their bushes in July. The season was unusually trying because of a drought so severe that nearly 500,000 families were thrown upon government bounty. Yet where the plants were given reasonably good care they flourished. In the case of hybrid teas blooms were picked throughout the late summer and autumn, while the

ramblers and climbers gave a good account of themselves this spring.

In view of what I have personally observed I do not hesitate to advise rose lovers to plant their favorite flower at any time they desire up to mid-October.

As already suggested it is the development of the art of refrigeration which has so wonderfully lengthened the planting season for roses, and in fact for other flowering shrubs.

The bushes are placed immediately into cold storage after digging. The temperature is held sufficiently low to prevent sprouting. The bushes are kept moist enough to prevent exhaustion through evaporation yet not wet enough to cause rotting. To accomplish this, both the temperature and the ventilation must be intelligently controlled.

Before shipment, the bushes are severely pruned to remove most of the tops. This is necessary to lessen the drain on the roots until they are fully established. As soon as the roots begin to draw nourishment from the soil, healthy new growth will shoot up bearing an abundance of bloom.

The fact is that it is not so much the time of planting as the condition of the bushes when planted that controls success.

—Stephen Reynolds,
Reynolds Farms, South Norwalk, Ct.

GARDEN PESTS

If a large number of white grubs have been found in the soil the past season it will be well to have the entire garden plowed deeply this fall. In the meantime, dig as fast as possible all the vegetables being preyed upon by these white grubs, which somewhat resemble cutworms, but are the progeny of the insects called in some sections May beetles and in other places June bugs. They feed on the roots of many plants, but are particularly damaging when they get into the strawberry bed. They are often found in grass land, so that strawberries should not be planted on newly up-turned sod.—*Selected.*

Lady—"Now that you have had a good dinner, are you equal to the task of sawing some wood?"

Tramp—"Madam, equal is not the proper word. I am superior to it."—*Stray Stories.*

Work like a man but don't be worked to death.—*Holmes.*

The groves were God's first temples.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Olar Brown, R.F.D. 5, Alpharetta, Okla., would like some books, pictures and magazines for her children; ages, girl 10, boys 5 and 3, and baby 8 months. She herself likes novels. She takes this opportunity to thank those who remembered her last year and hopes she is not asking too much at this writing. Mrs. Brown is very lonely and books and scraps of cloth are very helpful.

2. I have not received any reading matter for a long time and I hope I have not been forgotten. My boy, age 11, has been ill for 18 months and my grandson, age 7, has just returned from the hospital. He was run over by an automobile. Our mill here has been closed since April 1930 so things do not look very encouraging. My boy, 18, would enjoy some magazines and my daughter, age 14, is interested in school material; then there is a little granddaughter, age 4. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, Mrs. L. A. Gibson, No. 5 Depot St., Albemarle, N. C.

3. Mrs. S. B. Hamner, R. 2, B. 218, Lynchburg, Va., wishes to thank the friend who sends her the *Cheerful Letter* magazine. She enjoys it so much. If not asking too much, she would like some quilt scraps and some good reading for her two boys, age 16 and 14. Especially some copies of *Literary Digest* and the *American Magazine*. Mrs. Hamner remarks about how wonderful the *Cheerful Letter* friends have been to her family. She sends her thanks.

4. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I had to give up both of my darling children; one died last September and the other in December. It has left us heart-broken and I have an invalid aunt to care for and cannot get out very much. I thought I would write to see if some of the dear friends would send me some cheer. I would be very glad of some quilt pieces, stamped pieces and bits of thread to pass off the long lonesome hours. Thanks to the one who sends me the *Cheerful Letter* magazine. Mrs. John R. May, Clifton, N. C.

5. Mrs. Ervey D. Purcell, R.F.D. 3, Spencer, Va., wishes to thank those who remembered her. The names and addresses on the packages were not very plain so she could not write. She still hopes to be thought of during the winter days. The year has been rather hard and her husband suffers a great deal from rheumatism. "But," she writes, "we put all our trust in our dear Lord that our way will be brightened."

6. I have been a reader of the *Cheerful Letter* and the magazine club for over twenty years. I moved from Arkansas to this place two years ago and got out of touch with the society. I should like very much to get books and literature again. Thanking you sincerely, I am, Mrs. R. J. Venable, Route 2, Waco, Texas.

7. It has been quite a while since I have heard from any of the cheerful ladies. I have been working away from home this summer and now that I am back, I hope my correspondence can be renewed. I assure you I get quite a lot of pleasure hearing from your circles and I wish to send thanks for past favors. We have to be indoors a great part of the winter and I like the children to get a little happiness that I cannot afford them. The older girls, ages 12 and 15, like to sew and the small one loves games and reading. Mrs. Bertha Williams, Archey, Arkansas.

8. I am the mother of seven little children, a girl 12 and six small boys. We live on rented land and because my husband is in poor health he cannot do much work. I would be real glad if someone sent me some quilt scraps and some reading for the boys. Mrs. Samuel Wright, Bassett, Va.

9. I am writing to you to ask if you could get me some books to read. An automobile ran over me last August and I have not recovered. If you could get me "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Daddy's Girl," it would make me very happy. Thanking you so much; a *Cheerful Letter* friend. Mrs. Mary A. McGehee, Vulcan, Va.

10. Mrs. Bettie Hundey, Route 5, Stuart, Va., is an old member of the *Cheerful Letter*. She and her husband are both 73 years old and live alone and are very lonesome. Reading matter and bits of thread would be appreciated.

11. It has been a good while since I have heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I have been writing to friends ever since I

was thirteen years old and I am now twenty. We feel very lonesome just now, we had to give up our dear old grandmother four weeks ago. She was 91 years old. She had been living with father and mother for twenty-three years. She seemed almost like a mother to us children. There are ten of us; five at home, two girls and three boys, ages 6, 10, 14, 17 and 20. All the rest of the children are married. We would appreciate any cheer that anyone would care to send. We like to sew and read. Miss Grace Womac, Athens, Tenn.

12. Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Sturgills, N. C., wishes some school material for her children, boy 16 and girl 8. She could use some quilt scraps, too.

13. I wish to thank all of the *Cheerful Letter* members for their kindness to me and my family in past years. I hope to hear from you this winter and perhaps someone will send some quilt scraps. My mother who is very old lives with me and quilt piecing helps her pass away the winter evenings. Lessie B. Rea, Stella, Va.

OFFER

The Brookline First Parish Branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to those desiring them. Apply to Miss Martha Suter, 23 Dudley St., Brookline, Mass.

THE DAY'S WORK

Dishes to wash, and beds to make,
Tables to set, and bread to bake;
Dinner to cook, and supper as well,
The tasks of the household none can tell—
But mother.

Stockings to darn, and sewing to do,
Ironing, and sweeping, and dusting, too.
Somebody's sick. Oh, dear, that's worse!
Mother must now become a nurse.

Poor mother!

Children can help, and oh, they do!
Cheerfully help the whole day through;
Shoulder their share with a happy smile,
And that makes the hardest day worth while.

Rich mother!

—Daisy D. Stephenson in
Christian Register.

"Biffins has worked himself up, hasn't he?" "How do you mean?" "He used to be a chiropodist, now he's a dentist."

—Tit-Bits.

SACRED PICTURES THAT ARE WRITTEN IN THE SANDS

But Upon Completion, the Navajo Indian Again Scatters Them to the Winds of the Desert

Perhaps there is in existence no form of art that has so much meaning in every line of it as have the sand paintings of the Navajo Indians of the American Southwest. To the uninitiated the sand painting is merely a marvel of design, of harmonious coloring and delicacy of line, but to the Navajo, or to one conversant with the lore of his tribe, there is meaning in every line and in every change of color.

It is impossible to say how many different designs there are for Navajo sand paintings, for no painting was ever made with a pattern, and when it is finished it is destroyed. The sand painting is part of the religious ceremonials of the Navajo; and as he loses his religion and is educated in the white man's school and taught the white man's form of worship, the various forms and rites of his own tribal worship are forgotten. It is contrary to the Navajo code to reproduce these paintings or to permit an unbeliever to witness them, wherefore few white people have ever seen a Navajo sand painting.

The Navajo painter uses a clean sand floor for his canvas and powdered sandstones of various hues for his paints. Carefully and separately these colored stones are ground with a stone or pestle. Having smoothed the sand floor with a curved stick, the painter kneels and then begins his work. The colored sand is held between the thumb and forefinger and allowed to run in a small stream. A thin stream is used for the finer lines, and about a half-inch stream for filling in backgrounds. Not a grain of sand seems misplaced as the painter works with swift sureness. Every line is free-hand, every color and figure from memory, and the changes, additions or adaptations in the particular painting are made for a definite reason—often to make them fit better the particular ceremony in which they are to be used.

Parenthetically, it might be mentioned that since the painting is a part of a religious ceremonial it must be done quickly, the crowd awaiting the completion of the picture to continue with their rites. If the painting is to be used in a healing ceremonial, as soon as it is completed the patient enters and is seated in the center of the

painting, facing east. The chanting of the prayers follows; before the sun sets the ceremony must be finished, the sand taken up and carried out into the desert, and either hidden under a bush or scattered to the winds.

Although each painting has an individuality and a meaning of its own, there are some ways in which all are similar; in other words, there are certain symbolic representations that always have the same meaning. The patterns themselves vary, but in all are the four sacred colors—red, white, orange and blue, always occurring in the same order. There may be other colors, and usually there are, but the ones mentioned are invariably found in a Navajo sand picture.

The four directions are gods, and most paintings have pictures of the four sacred plants—beans, corn, pumpkins and tobacco. Snakes guard the water supply, so snakes are usually found; dragon flies also have a connection with water sources, and hence these too are generally represented somewhere in the painting.

Dancers hold cedar, poison flowers, feathers or rattles in their hands to frighten away the evil spirits. Feathers represent flight, speed and the air elements. The rainbow always surrounds a painting. It is represented as a female deity, with feet resting on the earth at one end and her forehead touching the other end. Male and female deities are both present in most Navajo paintings, and can be distinguished by the difference in the shape of the heads.

There is no limit to the other meanings that may be woven into a painting. This particular mark may be intended for a prayer for rain, a harvest prayer, a spring-time prayer for crops to grow, a prayer for some special need or want, or it may merely symbolize a legend associated with the occasion on which it is used. Members of the tribe, if they wish, may ask for a special "sing," as the chantings of the prayers are called, and various pretexts are used. One indolent old Navajo once called for a "sing" for prayers that he might become rich. Serious loss to flocks of sheep, either from disease or depredations of enemies, may be the subject of special prayers. Although there are many occasions for "special prayers," a number are "set" ceremonies and take place at about the same time each year, the date for each being reckoned from the changes of the moon.

Since the Navajos have no written language their legends are passed down from

generation to generation, the boy * who eventually will be chief of the tribe being carefully taught all of the lore of his people.

Usually the superstitious fear of disaster, which the medicine men threaten, keeps Navajo children from reproducing these paintings. When the Indian children are taken at a very young age to the Government schools, they grow up without becoming familiar with the folklore of their people; and when they are old enough to have absorbed the traditions which are their heritage before they are taken to the white schools, they have the same reticence that characterizes the adult Indian when it comes to disclosing to white people anything of their own beliefs or customs which differ from those taught in the schools.

It was the idle sketches of such a painting by a boy who had been furnished with paints, and enjoyed seeing what he could do with them, that first brought the attention of a teacher to a sand painting. She praised the boy's work and asked him to make others for her. He made them because he liked to make pictures in sand. He knew all the tales and legends of his people, and he thrilled at his teacher's approval of his work. Thus were secured photographs of these sand paintings and the stories as to what they mean to a Navajo. Thus, it is hoped, will be preserved at least some few examples of this primitive art work which is rapidly becoming unknown.

When a ceremonial is finished the sand painting has served its purpose, and the sand of which it is composed is taken up and carried out into the desert. Hence, these remarkably executed paintings, which are at once a story, an act of worship, and a patriotic expression of regard for the lore of their people, are a temporary creation. The painter who weaves with colored sands the ritual of prayer creates a remarkable expression of the best in art, but he leaves nothing that will live as a monument to his memory unless, indeed, in the aid he thus gives to a younger generation. It is the lore and traditions of a people who are becoming educated by standardized methods to the point where they cannot read the story which their own art tells.

The free-hand work of the Navajo Indian sand painter, his accuracy in coloring, his carefulness and finish in detail, the delicacy in line, and beauty of design and imagery are hardly parallel in the primitive art of any other people. In fact, it is quite safe to say that no art of any people has been so

expressive of the religious creeds and beliefs of its creators as are the sand paintings of the Navajo Indians of Arizona.—*Reprinted from the Magazine, "Creative Art."*

REMEMBER THE TREE

Conservation of forests, of late, has received particular attention from Congress and state legislatures. Henceforth we may be assured that the magnificent woodlands of the Rocky Mountains and the Appalachian ranges will be preserved for our children. That which makes the splendor of scenery along the seashore, among mountains, and through the lake districts of America are the trees striking in variety and degree of development. They may be the pines, spruces, firs and cedars of the Rocky Mountains, or the birches, beeches, oaks and maples of the White Mountains. Whatever the species trees bring joy to the eye as well as conserve the moisture and make possible a protected, watered earth.

What a fascinating study is a tree: the manner in which it grows; its life, from the few years of the slender lodge-pole pine, to the thousands of years of the giant redwoods; its variety. On one knoll grows a grove of canoe-birches with bark, smooth, clear white; on an adjacent one, oaks, rugged and gnarled of trunk, with great spread of branch, twig and leaf. Then there is the contrast of the cone-bearers: the spruces, hemlocks, pines, larches, balsam firs and cedars, which remain ever green through all seasons. These evergreens are persistent. They will take root beneath certain hardwoods, and because they can endure shade and are long-lived, outlive poplars, maples and birches.

Observe, now, a forest not penetrated by trails nor touched by an axe, deep, cool, formidable in its silence and solitude. Can any feature of nature excite similar reactions? The forest was feared by the pioneers because out of it came wild animals and the savages; and to get lost in it was a terrible experience. But those days are past. It is a wise nation that plans to save the remaining great forests. Such action means conserved water supply, prevention of erosion and control of floods. Also it means that beauty and inspiration by which we live.—*Clipped.*

There are those whose hands have sunbeams in them, so that their grasp warms my heart.—*Helen Keller.*

TWO LOVERS

Whose baby is loveliest?

Mother's own.

All around the world—north, south, east,
west—

Hers alone!

For whether it be a Chinese tot,

With eyes aslant and a shaven crown,

Or a dear little girl of the Land of the Free,

Or a toddling prince in Londontown,

Or the one rare treasure a Soudan slave

Hugs to her heart, all wee and brown—

Each in its mother's gentle pride

Is fairer than all the world beside.

Whose mother is loved the best?

Baby's own.

She whose cheek was first caressed—

She alone.

For whether she be an Eskimo,

Or colored mammy, or stately queen,

Or a wandering organ grinder's wife,

Jingling and beating her tambourine,

In every land where children are

The baby's eyes from their deep, serene

Gaze, rapture-bound to the tender grace

In the mother's bended, love-lit face.

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

PEWTER HAD CENTURIES OF USAGE

Unlike china, glass or furniture, which may continue to be made along the lines of old pieces, the production of pewter stopped nearly a century ago. That is, the pewter of the sort that we associate with spinning wheels, candlelight and rush-bottomed chairs. Of course, there is a pewter of today. Some of it is a frank reproduction of old pewter. Some of it is faked and darkened artificially to represent antique pieces. And a very recent output of brightly shining pewter tea sets, and water sets, thin and sharp as to edges, which is no more like the pewter of pioneer days than a flapper grandchild is like her silvery-haired and lace-capped grandmother. A family resemblance, perhaps, but that's all.

The pewter of Revolutionary days was made of tin and lead. Quite a lot of lead, which gave it that dark and heavy look and left it soft, so that if a housewife was careless and left a porringer too near the hearth or hung the tea kettle over the fire, it was apt to melt.

In times of stress it afforded a supply of lead when other sources were unavailable. During the gloomy days of 1776 patriotic

pewter was melted into bullets, hundreds of pounds of it. And on the frontier during an Indian siege of their fort, the brave pioneer women melted their pewter and molded the bullets and took their turn with the men at the portholes to fire them.

Pewter was made by the Chinese and Japanese many centuries ago. Its use in Europe dates from the tenth century, but there are only a few pieces in existence that were made before the seventeenth century and they are in museums. It is the English and American pewter of the eighteenth century which is of most interest to collectors in general, and in this country where Americana is of prime importance, whether from patriotic motives or the influence of fashion, it is the products of Boardman, Danforth, Lee and other of the early American pewterers that are most sought and bring the highest prices. And price being determined by the scarcity of the article, if there are only five known eight-inch plates of a certain make, and someone should resurrect a sixth in an old attic or cellar, then a small fortune indeed would be in hand!

Pewter was almost always stamped underneath the article with the maker's name, initial or trade mark, or the mark of the guild to which he belonged. In England the London Guild or Worshipful Co. of Pewterers was organized in 1348 and granted a charter by Edward IV in 1473. For about four centuries this company standardized pewter and controlled its production in England. The mark of the guild was a rose and a crown, and this with the trade mark of the maker was stamped upon a piece, determining both its quality and its source.

When silver was a great luxury, to be obtained only by the wealthy and the nobility, pewter was the ware used by the less prosperous. And in the early days of America, when our forefathers were struggling for existence in the new country, luxuries had been left behind in England, and on pewter plates and dishes was served the simple food of the pioneers.

Pewter did its best in its humble way to take the place of silver and much of it was fashioned after contemporary silver patterns, insofar as its sodden nature would permit. So we have certain candlesticks and tea sets and pitchers with ambitious efforts towards grace and daintiness of form.

Almost every article of household use was made of pewter. Tableware, including

spoons, forks and soup ladles. Tea pots, cream pitchers and sugar bowls. Pitchers of every shape and size. Whaleoil lamps and candlesticks. Salt and pepper shakers, shoe buckles, egg cups, bleeding cups, bowls, basins—and everything else you can think of.

In the early churches of both England and America, pewter was used for communion services, also for collection plates and alms dishes.

When china and glass came to be manufactured more generally and at low prices, pewter plates were supplanted by old Blue Staffordshire and other china or crockery; and the pewter tankards and pitchers were replaced by the crude tumblers and flaps of early glass manufacture. So pewter fell into disuse and gradually withdrew into the limbo of forgotten things. — *Milwaukee Journal*.

PEACE IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE

I address myself to you, the delegates of the War Resisters' International, meeting in conference at Lyons, because you represent the movement most certain to end war. If you act wisely and courageously, you can become the most effective body of men and women in the greatest of all human endeavors. Those you represent in fifty-six countries have a potential power far mightier than the sword.

All the nations of the world are talking about disarmament. You must lead them to do more than talk. The people must take this matter out of the hands of statesmen and diplomats. They must grip it in their own hands.

Those who think that the danger of war is past are living in a fool's paradise. We have to face to-day a militarism far more powerful and destructive than the militarism which brought the disaster of the Great War.

This is the achievement of governments. But among the peoples the idea of war resistance spreads. You must challengingly and fearlessly extend this idea. You must lead the people to take disarmament into their own hands and to declare that they will take no part or lot in war or in the preparation of war. You must call upon the workers of all countries unitedly to refuse to become the tools of death-dealing interests. There are young men in twelve countries who are resisting conscription by refusing to do military service. They are the pioneers of a warless world. Every sin-

cere friend of peace must support them and help to arouse the moral conviction of the world against conscription.

I appeal especially to the intellectuals of the world. I appeal to my fellow-scientists to refuse to co-operate in research for war purposes. I appeal to the preachers to seek truth and renounce national prejudices. I appeal to the men of letters to declare themselves unequivocally.

I ask every newspaper which prides itself in supporting peace to encourage the people to refuse war service. I ask editors to challenge men of eminence and of influence by asking them bluntly: "Where do you stand? Must you wait for everyone else to disarm before you put down your weapons and hold out the hand of friendship?"

This is no time for temporizing. You are either for war or against war. If you are for war, you must encourage science, finance, industry, religion and labor to exert their power to make your national armaments as efficient and deadly as they can be made. If you are against war, you must encourage them to resist it to the uttermost. I ask everyone who reads these words to make this great and definite decision.

Let this generation take the greatest step forward ever made in the life of man. Let it contribute to those who follow the sight of a world in which the barbarity of war has been forever renounced. We can do it if we will. It requires only that all who hate war shall have the courage to say that they will not have war.

I appeal to all men and women, whether they be eminent or humble, to declare, before the World Disarmament Conference meets at Geneva in February, that they will refuse to give any further assistance to war or the preparation of war. I ask them to tell their governments this in writing, and to register their decision by informing me that they have done so.

—*Albert Einstein, in a recent letter to the Conference of the War Resisters' International, makes a sweeping appeal.*

She—"But, George, I can't marry you at once. You see, if I did I should have to give up my situation, and I'm getting \$20 a week there!"

He—"No, my darling; I wouldn't dream of asking you to do that! I am only getting \$10 a week—I'll give up mine."—*Edinburg Scotsman.*

These are the times that try men's souls.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

WHEN LITTLE NELLIE LAUGHED IN QUAKER MEETING

Children of the long ago were not always good at Quaker meetings. In Quaker meeting-houses men and boys used to sit on one side of the room and women and girls on the other side. That was why little Nellie never sat beside her father. He was a Quaker. Little Nellie's mother was a "Blue Presbyterian," if you know what that means. Nellie didn't.

She liked to go with her father to meeting because the Quaker men were handsome in their broad hats. And the Quaker ladies were most beautiful on Sundays in their gray gowns and bonnets, with white kerchiefs folded just so, and bows tied under their chins.

Anyway, Nellie went to meeting on this never-to-be-forgotten day, with a cousin of her own age. The Quaker meeting-house was on a hilltop in the country, with green fields below it. It was a lovely Sunday morning with soft breezes blowing and birds singing. The cousins, walking hand in hand, were happy as larks. They went in the meeting-house and sat in a pew near the back, with other little girls.

Now it happened that Nellie's Aunt Mary Gifford was the Quaker preacher, and she was as pretty as she was good. She sat on the platform in her Quaker bonnet, snowy white kerchief, and hands folded in her lap. Her cheeks were red as roses and her eyes were blue.

Instead of thinking about God and her own soul, Nellie folded her hands and thought about her beautiful Aunt Mary with whom she was invited home to dinner. She did wish that Aunt Mary would begin the service.

The meeting-house was filled with men and women, boys and girls, all sitting as still as statues. No one moved, no one spoke. Nothing happened. There they sat in perfect silence. Gentle Aunt Mary Gifford looked as if she would never open her mouth and speak.

Little Nellie began to fidget. It was hard to sit still minute after minute when minutes began to seem as long as hours. At last she glanced at the small cousin beside her. That was a mistake.

While Nellie had looked only at Aunt Mary Gifford the silence had felt solemn as if indeed God and the angels might be near. Then she remembered the Bible words:

The Lord is in His Holy temple
Let all the earth keep silence before Him.

But when Nellie looked in the eyes of her cousin, the silence began to seem funny. The cousin felt the same way about it. Her eyes answered, "Isn't it funny!"

After that those two little girls of long ago began to giggle. They tried not to laugh, but the silence, as little Nellie said fifty years afterward, was "something awful!"

Even when little Nellie again looked at Aunt Mary Gifford she couldn't keep her face straight. She wondered what dear, gentle Aunt Mary could be thinking about. There she sat like a marble statue, serene, quiet, looking as if she would never make another move as long as she lived.

Nellie swallowed hard and shook with silent laughter. The cousin beside her did the same. Soon the row of prim little girls in the pew were all smiling broad smiles right in meeting. This was dreadful behavior in a Friends' meeting-house.

Little Nellie tried to feel solemn but she couldn't. The silence seemed funnier and funnier. She did wish that Aunt Mary Gifford would speak or move. Again she looked at the row of Quaker children. They were all biting the insides of their cheeks to keep from laughing. Then, oh, hoping that she wouldn't do it, poor little Nellie laughed right out loud!

Aunt Mary Gifford straightway moved. She suddenly arose, sailed like a fine ship down the aisle, seized little Nellie by the back of her neck and marched her to the platform. There she lifted her to a chair and sat her down hard. It was the most sudden and unexpected thing that had ever happened in that Quaker meeting-house.

Again there was a perfect silence. This time two sat on the platform as still as statues. One was Aunt Mary Gifford with her hands folded in her lap. The other was little Nellie. She was hard-looking on the outside, but dreadfully scared and trembling within. She no longer felt that there was anything funny anywhere in the wide world. She was sure she would never laugh again, neither would she cry!

After a time Aunt Mary Gifford preached her sermon. The Friends shook hands and the meeting was over.

After dinner that day, Aunt Mary Gifford said to her little visitor,

"Nellie, I shall have to tell thy father, Brother John, that thee was not a good girl

when thee was at the meeting. I hope that hereafter thee will be a better girl when thee is in the House of the Lord."

And that is all, except that little Nellie never again sat on the platform at any Quaker meeting.—*Frances Margaret Fox in The Christian Register.*

THE BIRD BOY OF THE OZARKS

At the age of thirteen he holds large audiences spellbound, and addresses millions over the radio.

His usual method with a visible audience is to ask his hearers what species of bird they would like him to talk about, and then he will follow what seems to be the desire of the majority.

From chickadees to chickenhawks he can lecture learnedly on all the feathered family, giving accurate data on their size, color, markings, food, habits, and all sorts of miscellaneous facts that only an assiduous and truth-seeking nature-student would find out.

His name is Guy Greenwell. He lives in Joplin, Missouri. He is in great demand as instructor in summer camps both for Y. M. C. A. and Boy Scout Conferences. This has all come about, writes Effie Sterett Ruhl in *Nature Magazine*, "not because Guy is a prodigy, but because he has pursued a nature hobby for a number of years, and has become well versed in the ways of birds and animals. He never fails to amaze his hearers with his profound knowledge and the range of his observation." Miss Ruhl writes:

"The boy's father, Kelly Greenwell, has conducted a large poultry business in Joplin for many years, and Guy grew up among the chickens, ducks, geese, and turkeys, so that it is natural that he should be familiar with fowl.

"Pictures of birds and animals early attracted him, and his first readings dealt with stories of nature.

"His father, a member of the Izaak Walton League, fostered Guy's enthusiasm, and when he went to the National Convention of the League in St. Louis in 1927 as a delegate, he took Guy, then nine. Guy was asked to speak on bird life to the sixteen hundred delegates gathered there, and deeply impressed his hearers with his fund of knowledge.

"Guy and his father are pals, and no little credit for the boy's remarkable achievement is due the father and mother, who have always provided the best literature for his study.

"The finest nature and sport magazines, the pamphlets from both State and national agricultural departments, and the best books procurable on birds and animals have always been within the boy's reach. Yet knowledge has never been forced on him. On the contrary, his parents too often have to call, 'Guy, put out your light and go to sleep,' when the new issues appear.

"Guy does not depend wholly upon reading for his information. He spends long hours alone in field and wood. He delights to lie at ease under a tree and watch the birds winging through the air or chattering or singing as they build their nests.

"He knows the shy little animals of the woods, and is as familiar with their habits as he is with birds. Most people are interested in birds, and prefer to hear him talk on this subject; so most of his lectures are about his feathered friends."

Here we are told of the boy lecturer's habit of inviting his audience to say what kind of bird they would like to hear about. And after disposing of their first choice, Miss Ruhl relates.

"Other birds will be suggested, and these will be described in like manner. The listeners will ask questions so that the talk becomes very informal.

"Guy can answer 98 per cent of all questions asked at random by his hearers on the subject of his lecture. He can identify seven hundred and fifty birds and animals from pictures, and describe their habits.

"Besides being asked repeatedly to appear on club programs, Guy has made weekly talks on nature over the Joplin radio. He was also engaged as regular instructor during the summer of 1929, both at the Boy Scout Camp near Joplin, and at the Y. M. C. A. Summer Conference near Hollister, Missouri.

"His name appeared on the regular printed programs with men of mature years who are leaders in their fields. He held the interest and attention of boys much older than himself who came to hear him day after day.

"Guy is not a freak or a prodigy. He is just an average American boy with the likes and dislikes of the usual thirteen-year-old lad. He swims, plays ball, goes barefoot and enjoys life with other boys of his age.

"He is a good student in Junior High School, and is especially strong in spelling, an achievement which has earned him the honor of representing his grade in the annual county contest. He has a splendid

knowledge of geography because of his wide reading on the homes of birds and animals.

"His vocabulary is much larger than that of the average boy or girl of thirteen, since his reading of scientific literature has made him careful and exact.

"Guy has a motley collection of several hundred fish, snakes, crayfish, mussels, snails, and tadpoles which he keeps in a large tank near his home."—*Literary Digest*.

"LITTLE BLUE GOOSE"

When the Lindberghs stopped in Alaska on their long and hazardous 7,000-mile flight to Japan the Eskimos gave Mrs. Lindbergh a name that will probably stick with her as long as will the memory of that horrible night spent drifting in their helpless plane off the rocky coast of Ketoi island inhabited only by big bears and hairy, savage men. The Eskimos wanted to honor "Our Anne" in some special way so they dubbed her "Little Blue Goose." In the states such a

"dubbing" would certainly not be considered a compliment. But in Eskimoland it is one of the highest compliments possible. That's because the Eskimos regard the blue goose as one of the greatest of flyers that wings its way over many lands. So it does; and so does Anne. Since her marriage some two years ago to the "Flying Colonel," now the "King of the Skies" of the Order of the Rising Sun (recently conferred by the Emperor of Japan), she has flown over most of Mexico, over the Caribbean, taken aerial pictures of the Mayan ruins in Central America, made a number of transcontinental flights with many, many shorter hops thrown in. On the trip to Tokyo she flew over much of Canada, visited the farthest north town in North America, flew across the Bering Sea, then across the Pacific Ocean (the first woman to do so), and over the Japanese islands. In Tokyo she won the hearts of the Japanese with her charm and her captivating manner. Old-fashioned? Not Anne Lindbergh!—*Pathfinder*.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters containing subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Money from the Sunshine Bags is payable to the Treasurer.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States, where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.